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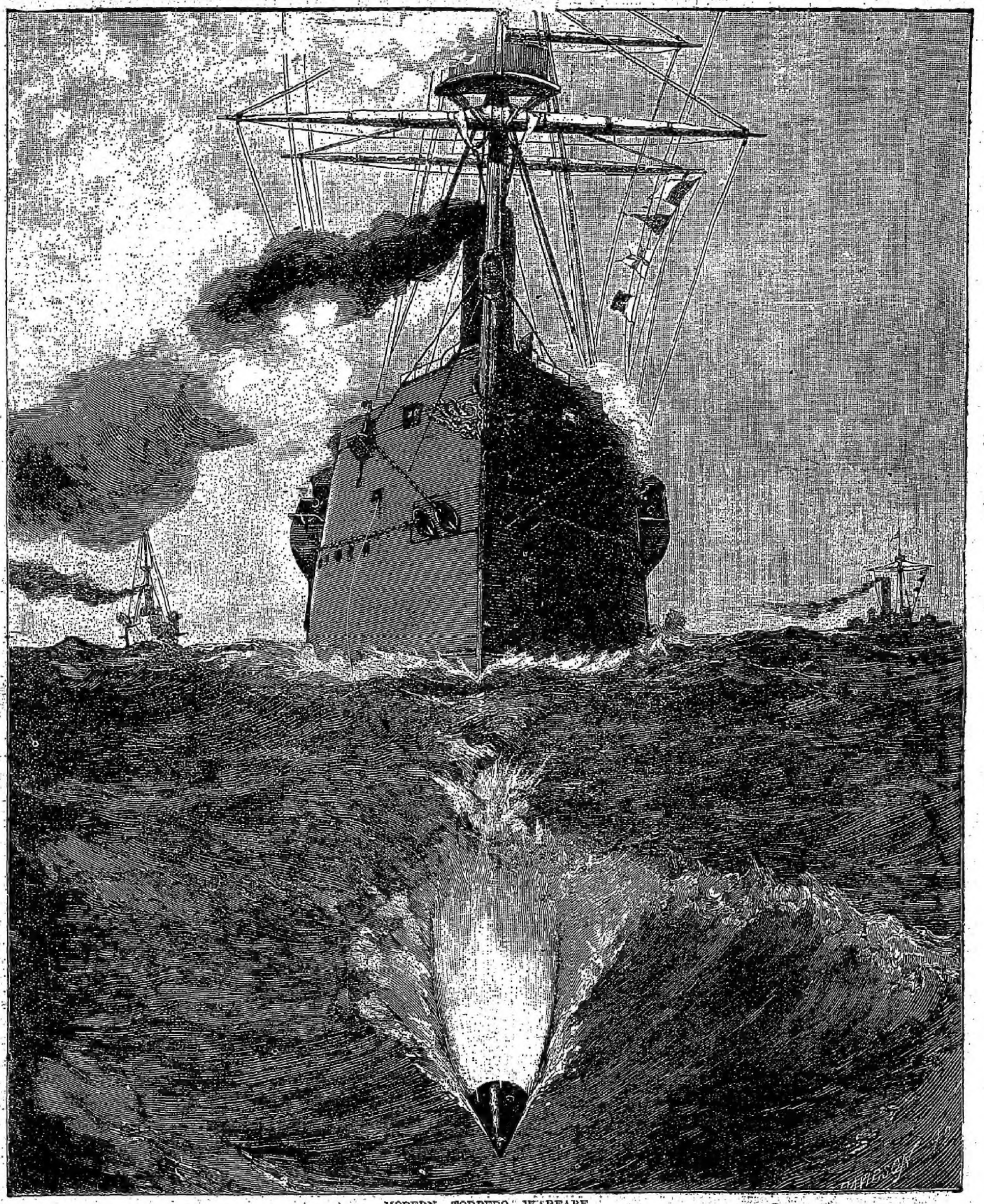

MODERN TORPEDO WARFARE.

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MODERN TORPEDO WARFARE.

In 1890, France owned two hundred and ten torpedo-boats, England had two hundred and six, Germany one hundred and eighty, Turkey had thirty, Japan had twenty-four and the United States had one. Since that time they have come more into favor and in the building of modern battle-ships, provision is made for several torpedo-tubes in each ship. These tubes are about eighteen inches in diameter and terminate about four feet above the water. The two principal makes of this deadly missile, the "Whitehead" and "Howell" are cigar-shaped, about fifteen feet long, weigh a little more than a ton each and are able to destroy anything they hit. They go hissing through the water at the rate of twenty-five to thirty knots an hour and may be used successfully upon an object a full mile away. Velocity, range, ability to go in a straight line, and rending force, are the four things necessary in a self-operating torpedo. In the Whitehead torpedo, compressed air is released inside the missile and propels it. In the Howell machine, a fly-wheel inside receives an impetus of about nine thousand revolutions a minute from a special machine. When the wheel reaches its full capacity, the torpedo is launched. The tubes in the vessels give the rectilinear direction, and the rending force is gun-cotton, which is in the nose of the torpedo, and is exploded on impact. In the construction of the machine the main object is to secure a missile of destruction which may be steered from the launching platform, whether it be on land or water. With this in view there are a number of other makes of this machine being experimented with. From our illustration, a slight idea may be gained of the wonderful possibilities of such a thunderbolt, with the powerful ram of one of the massive warships of the present day behind it.

"MOODY'S BOYS."

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

A few minutes after five in the gray dawn of a cloudy morning, the train left New London, on the Northern Road, the passenger car half full of patient travellers too early waked to be cheerful. No one was smiling, unless perhaps the heedless youths at the forward end. There were eight or ten of them who had come on in a body, probably from the steamboat. They turned over seats and settled themselves in sociable boy fashion, stowing away their belongings overhead. They might have been returning from an excursion, or just starting on one. There was a little noise and clatter among them, a little fun that might become too rough by-and-by. So one of the lady passengers thought, as she whispered plaintively:

"I hope they won't keep that up all the way. My head aches already."

"They've probably been down to New York to celebrate Labor day, and now they have to get home early to work," suggested one.

But what was this? Were they going to sing—those restless boys? One of them stepped out in the aisle and raised his voice, and of all words what were these that broke upon the silence of the car:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,—
You who to the Saviour for refuge have fled?"

The others joined in, but his voice led clear and strong, verse after verse, to the end.

At first there was a startled, troubled feeling on the part of some who heard it. They feared there might come an irreverent chorus, or a burst of laughter, or a change-off on some riotous song. But the boys sang the hymn straight through as if they enjoyed it.

"They know every word without any hymn book," whispered the lady, whose head had stopped aching.

Another hymn followed, and another, and then the boys were laughing and joking again as only boys can but there was not one jest that marred the effect of the hymns. Presently they sang two or three merry college songs.

"Now I know," said a passenger, "they are Amherst students. I've heard they send out a good many clergymen from there."

One of the songs had a jocose chorus that rang on the word "sailor." Just as they came to that, one of the young men said hastily to the others:

"There might be one on board!"

And he turned and glanced down the car, to see if there were any evident sailor there whose feelings might be hurt.

"That was kind in him," thought some of the observant passengers.

A little more laughter and raillery among them, and then, with bright serious faces, they sang a hymn again.

It was interesting to see the effect on the passengers of these hymns. Nothing special was said, but every face brightened; everybody was cheerful and accommodating; new passengers, who came in from time to time, cast off their strained, hurried looks; and it really seemed as if the conductor showed unusual kindness in explaining routes and changes.

At last Amherst was passed, and the young men had not left the train there.

"Now where can they be going?" asked the passengers of one another.

On went the train. Presently a look of eagerness came into the faces of the party. They began to get down their gripsacks and umbrellas; they looked out of the windows; evidently they were nearing their destination.

"There's the new building!" exclaimed one.

A great, sweeping hill was in sight on the left, with green fields and trees, and among them a group of buildings.

"I know now," said a passenger, softly. "We are almost at Northfield. They are some of Moody's boys."

They sang once more, and the chorus rang out among the weary, dusty travellers:—

"This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long."

And then they were off, bound for Northfield Farm. They were "Moody's boys."
—*Sunday-School Times.*

GATHERED THOUGHTS FOR TEACHERS.

BY AN EX-SUPERINTENDENT.

It is impossible for a Sunday-school teacher to study his lessons week by week, year after year, without thereby becoming more familiar with the meaning of Scripture, and the danger is lest we should confound increasing familiarity with the Word of God with the increase in spiritual knowledge which contributes to the growth of the soul. For our own sakes, not less than for the sake of the class, should every lesson be self-applied and that not only in regard to its practical teaching, but also in regard to its more directly spiritual meaning. In fact, we should press more closely upon our own consciences the deeper spiritual truths of our lessons than we can venture to do with children, in proportion as we are older and therefore presumably better qualified to grasp their meaning and realize their import.

No home study of the lesson can take the place of its examination in teachers' meeting. The best teacher in the world needs the help of his fellow-teachers in finding out what is in that lesson, and what others want to know about it. It is one thing to learn for one's self; it is quite another thing to learn for others. A teacher has to learn for others. To do this he must have the help of others. Many a teacher who has studied a lesson thoroughly by himself would find, on attending a teachers' meeting, that points to which he had given little attention, or which seemed simplest to him, were most puzzling to some of his fellow-teachers. A really good teacher always knows that he cannot prepare himself for his Sunday's duties so well without the aid of a teachers' meeting as with it. A teacher who thinks he has nothing to gain from a teachers' meeting lacks as yet a knowledge of three things: how to study, how to learn, and how to teach.

A teacher ought to feel a responsibility of the spirit and methods and attainment of all his scholars. He must take his scholars as he finds them; but he must not leave them so. If they are not inclined to study their lessons beforehand, it is his duty to see that they come to this way of doing. If they want him to do all the talking and are reluctant to take any part in questioning about the lesson, the responsibility is on him to see that they feel differently and do differently. When a teacher confesses that his scholars do not study, and are not attentive, and will at the best be only passive hearers in the class, he exposes his lack as a teacher rather than their lack as scholars. A teacher's true mission is to take just such scholars as those and bring them to a better standard of thinking and doing.

In making use of similes, illustrations, and figures, the utmost care should be taken to see to it that they really enforce the truth they are meant to explain, and that they are themselves truthful throughout. It often happens that a misleading figure of speech will cling to the memory longer than anything else connected with that which it sought to place before the mind. An illustration should always be made a mere dependant and servant of the thing it illustrates; but if it is unwisely chosen, and if it is applicable only in a limited and not very evident sense, it will prove to be the master, not the servant, and thus will do vastly more harm than good. Before you use illustrations, be sure that they tell the truth, and that, at least, they are no more difficult of comprehension than the thing they illustrate.—*Evangelical S. S. Teacher.*

ANNOUNCE IT IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The superintendent should not fail to include in his announcements the prayer-meeting and the preaching services of the Church. He should not only urge all to attend these services, but should do so himself.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 12, 1893.

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.—Neh. 1:1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Lord, be thou my helper."—Psalm 30:10.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ezra 7:1-28.—Ezra's Commission.
T. Ezra 8:15-36.—His Journey to Jerusalem.
W. Ezra 9:1-15.—Ezra's Prayer and Confession.
Th. Neh. 1:1-11.—Nehemiah's Prayer.
F. Psalm 30:1-12.—Lord, be Thou my Helper.
S. Psalm 79:1-13.—Mourning the Destruction of Jerusalem.
S. Psalm 80:1-19.—Prayer for Deliverance.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Trouble Taken to God, vs. 1-4.
II. Sin Confessed, vs. 5-7.
III. Promises Pleaded, vs. 8-11.

TIME.—B.C. 445, seventy years after the last lesson: Artaxerxes Longimanus king of Persia.

PLACE.—Shushan or Susa, the winter residence of the kings of Persia, two hundred and fifty miles south-east of Babylon.

OPENING WORDS.

There is an interval of seventy years between this lesson and the last. Darius Hystaspes was succeeded by his son Xerxes (the Ahasuerus of the book of Esther), B.C. 486, who reigned twenty-one years. Artaxerxes Longimanus was the next king, and reigned forty-two years (B.C. 465-423). In the seventh year of his reign (B.C. 458) Ezra went from Babylon to Jerusalem with a company of returning exiles. Under the authority of the king, he made provision for the temple service, appointed magistrates and effected many reforms. Nehemiah went to Jerusalem thirteen years after Ezra. He was of the tribe of Judah, and probably of the royal stock. The book which bears his name contains a full history of his labors, reforms and difficulties.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Chisleu*—parts of November and December. *Shushan the palace*—its ruins were uncovered by excavations made in 1852. 2. *Hanani*—in chapter 7:2, called his brother. 3. *In the province*—the land of Judah. 4. *Fasted and prayed*—compare his prayer with that of Daniel (Dan. 9:4-19). 7. *Very corruptly*—Hosea 9:9; Zeph. 3:7. 8. *Remember*—God had scattered them as he threatened to do in case of transgression. Nehemiah now pleads his promise to restore them if they repented. Deut. 30:1-5. 9. *Unto the place*—Jerusalem, the holy city, now in ruins. 10. *These are thy servants*—he pleads their ancient relation to God and their present desire for his favor. 11. *This man*—the king. *Cupbearer*—an office of great honor in Eastern courts.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long an interval between this lesson and the last? What do you know of the intermediate history? Who was Nehemiah? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. TROUBLE TAKEN TO GOD, vs. 1-4.—Who came to Shushan? What did Nehemiah ask them? What was their reply? How long was this after the return of the captives? How was Nehemiah affected? What did he do?

II. SIN CONFESSED, vs. 5-7.—How did Nehemiah begin his prayer? What was his first petition? Whose sins did he confess? How had they sinned? What had been the consequence of their sins? What is promised to those who confess their sins? 1 John 1:9.

III. PROMISES PLEADED, vs. 8-11.—What did Nehemiah beseech God to remember? What had God threatened in case of transgression? How had he fulfilled this threat? What had he promised if they turned unto him? What was Nehemiah's plea? What earnest supplication did he offer? In whose sight did he ask favor?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. When the Church suffers we should be filled with sorrow.
2. God is our help in time of trouble.
3. In all our prayers we should confess our sins.
4. God's promises are our greatest encouragement in prayer.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What office did Nehemiah hold? Ans. He was the king of Persia's cupbearer.
2. What news did he hear from Jerusalem? Ans. That the Jews were in great affliction, and the wall and the gates of the city in ruins.
3. What did he do when he heard this? Ans. He mourned and fasted and prayed before the God of heaven.
4. What did his prayer contain? Ans. Confession of the sins of his people and supplication for their pardon.
5. What promise did he plead? Ans. God's promise to gather them from their captivity if they turned to him.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 19, 1893.

REBUILDING THE WALL.—Neh. 4:9-21.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"We made our prayers unto our God, and set a watch against them."—Neh. 4:9.

HOME READINGS.

M. Neh. 2:1-20.—Nehemiah's Mission.
T. Neh. 3:1-32.—The Building of the Wall.
W. Neh. 4:1-12.—The Hostile Plot.
Th. Neh. 4:13-21.—The Successful Defence.
F. Psalm 121:1-8.—Escape from the Snare.
S. Psalm 125:1-5.—The Lord Round About his People.
S. Psalm 145:1-9.—A Psalm of Praise.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Praying and Watching, vs. 9-12.
II. Trusting and Watching, vs. 13-15.
III. Working and Watching, vs. 16-21.

TIME.—B.C. 444, from July to September; Artaxerxes Longimanus king of Persia; Nehemiah governor of Judah; Ezra the scribe with him.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, a thousand miles from Shushan.

OPENING WORDS.

Nehemiah requested the king's permission to go to Jerusalem and rebuild the city. Artaxerxes consented, appointed him governor of Judah, and ordered the rulers of the provinces through which he passed to afford him assistance. Thus encouraged, Nehemiah went to Jerusalem and rebuilt the city walls.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

9. *Made our prayer....set a watch*—prayer and watchfulness always go together. 10. *Judah*—the Jews in the country. *Strength....is decayed*—is giving out. *Much rubbish*—from the old walls to be cleared away. 11. *Our adversaries said*—planned and threatened a surprise. 12. *The Jews which dwelt by them*—in the neighborhood of the Samaritans. There were three sources of discouragement: 1. The severity of the work; 2. The threats of enemies; 3. The recall of the country Jews from the work by their timid brethren. 13. *The lower places*—the spaces behind the wall. *The higher places*—which commanded a view over the top of the wall. 14. *Remember the Lord*—the terrible acts of judgment which he had executed upon the enemies of his people. 15. *Every one unto his work*—of which there had been a suspension at the first alarm. 16 *My servants*—the body-guard of Nehemiah. *Habergeons*—coats of mail. 17, 18. They held a weapon in one hand and wrought with the other. *He that sounded the trumpet*—to give the alarm in case of attack.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—For what purpose did Nehemiah go to Jerusalem? Describe the progress of the work. By whom was it opposed? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. PRAYING AND WATCHING, vs. 9-12.—What complaint did Judah make? What did their adversaries threaten? What did the country Jews urge their friends to do? How did Nehemiah meet these difficulties? v. 9.

II. TRUSTING AND WATCHING, vs. 13-15.—How did Nehemiah guard against the enemies? What did he say to encourage his friends? Who were on their side? For whom were they fighting? In whom were they to trust? What else were they to do? What did the enemies do when they found their plans were discovered?

III. WORKING AND WATCHING, vs. 16-21.—How did Nehemiah continue the work? What division did he make of his force? How did the builders work? What further provision did Nehemiah make against a surprise? Why had he the trumpeter by his side? What order did he give to those at work?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Our Christian life is a constant warfare.
2. Our spiritual enemies are many and active.
3. God furnishes us armor for the fight of faith.
4. He will fight with us and give us the victory.
5. We should therefore watch and pray, and work with unwavering trust in him.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What difficulties discouraged the Jews in building the wall? Ans. The greatness of the work, the threats of their adversaries and the fears of the neighboring Jews.
2. What did Nehemiah and his friends do when the enemies conspired to hinder the work? Ans. They made prayer unto God, and set a watch against them day and night.
3. What did he say to encourage the people? Ans. Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord, and fight for your brethren and households.
4. How was the building continued? Ans. One half of the people wrought in the work and the others stood by armed and ready to defend them. The builders also worked with one hand and held a weapon in the other.
5. In what time was the work finished? Ans. The wall was finished in fifty and two days.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FINANCIERING FOR THE BABY.

BY ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

Baby Maud was born in midwinter, and was the first comer to the Frink household. The Frinks had set up their household gods some five or six years before her birth, and in money matters their motto had always been, "Pay as you go, and only go as you can pay." They had no especially extravagant habits, and yet always managed to spend pretty nearly all of the husband's modest salary.

It was in the early fall, preceding Baby's birth, that Mr. and Mrs. Frink were holding a meeting of the "committee of ways and means," as was their weekly custom, and among other matters, were discussing the cost of some little embroidered dresses which the "junior member" of the committee worked upon as she talked. One thing led to another, and before the session closed, a pretty thorough discussion had been had as to the advisabillty of starting a "fund" for the expected newcomer. This was discussed again and again, and it was finally decided that, so long as they could afford it, $5 a week should be put aside for this purpose. Mr. Frink was of the opinion that this was too large a sum, but his wiser wife, realizing how hard it was, on general principles, to induce him to save money, and thinking this an excellent opportunity to make a start in the right direction, insisted that they could do it if they only made up their minds to it. Anyhow, they could try! And so it was settled.

A little account book was bought, having morocco covers and gilded edges, as a matter of course, and at the top of the first folio was written "That Baby's Cash Account." Just about this time a friend gave Mr. Frink $5 in payment of an old loan, and it was decided to turn this money in and to date the account back to the first of July.

It did not prove such a difficult matter after a few weeks of "getting used to it," to put aside the $5 each Saturday night, and the debit side of the new cash account grew apace. On the other hand, it was deemed but right that any expenses which by any fair construction could be considered as chargeable to "That Baby's" account should be entered up against her. For instance, when it seemed best to have a door put in to connect a hall bedroom with a larger room, the $10 which it cost was credited to this cash account. So when the physician said that he thought it would be well for Mrs. Frink to spend a few weeks with some relatives at one of the New Jersey winter resorts, the expenses of the trip went into this book. Hitherto Mrs. Frink had been without a servant; now one was necessary, and the $13 a month naturally found its way to the book.

At the close of June, completing the first year of this account, Miss Maud was nearly six months old, and the book showed that cash had been debited with $260 and credited with $173.76, leaving a balance on hand of $86.24. Up to this time the money had not been placed at interest, but now the balance on hand was deposited in a savings bank, that it might at least "earn a little something."

During the second year the $260, which the weekly payments brought, was increased by nearly $25 by some cash gifts and by the small interest accumulation at the savings bank. The expenses for the year were only $45.11, so that the balance was $323.60. One hundred dollars of this was taken from the bank and a share of a dividend-paying stock purchased, as the returns promised to be considerably above the small interest which the bank would pay.

At this stage the parents became more ambitious for their small daughter, and after a great deal of discussion and deliberation it was decided that ten shares, with a paid-up value of $2,500, should be taken out in her name in a neighboring building and loan association, which had been in existence for a number of years and had been declaring semi-annual dividends at eight percent. This called for a weekly payment of $2.50. So the third year ran by, the expenses charged to the baby being $190.60. (In explanation of the marked difference in the expense account for the second and third years, it should be said that Mrs. Frink dispensed with a servant the second year, but found it necessary to employ one for the greater part of the third year.) The stock investment brought a dividend of $10, $3 in cash was donated to Miss Maud by a fond aunt, and at the end of the year the account stood thus:

Cash in savings bank, including interest	$232.63
Credit on Building Association book, including dividend of $3.02	133.02
Stock certificate	100.00
Cash on hand	13.40
	$484.95

And only two and a-half years old!

The bank account was forthwith reduced by an amount sufficient, when added to the cash on hand, to purchase another hundred-dollar stock certificate. Although the baby was as yet only a very little girl, still many an hour was spent in endeavoring to look ahead and to picture her future. The educational problem, among others, was often discussed. Mr. Frink, as becomes any prudent man, had an insurance on his life, but it was decided that he should take out, and the baby should pay for a "ten-year endowment policy" for $1,000. This was done and the bank account drawn on for the premium of $47.10. Mrs. Frink was without a servant a part of this year, and the general expenses charged against Miss Maud amounted to $140.19. The stock again brought in its dividend of $10 a share, and a penny savings bank yielded $4, the fourth year of the account ending thus:

Cash in savings bank	$108.12
Credit on Building Association book	278.78
Two stock certificates	200.00
Cash on hand	13.81
Endowment Life Insurance policy	
	$600.71

So ends the tale! There are doubtless financial difficulties ahead of the Frinks, but they feel that they have made a good start, and in the right direction. Perhaps other parents have done better, but they fear that some have not done so well.

THE SCHOOL LUNCH BASKET.

There is a point of health to which the attention of parents should be called, and that is the preparation of the lunch basket, upon which the little ones are to depend for their noonday meal. Every one who lives in a home whence the children go to school daily, will bear witness to the fact that very few of them eat a solid morning meal. What with the vexed servant question, and the consequent late breakfast, the hurry to gather books and wraps, and to receive the points of the too frequent commissions with which mothers and older sisters tax them, the child does not give time or attention to the eating of a proper breakfast, but, snatching a hasty bit of the most palatable, and frequently least digestible, portion of the morning meal, crams into the lunch basket what pleases her fancy, and rushes off to catch a car. Or oftener, perhaps, the child is told that there is no time to put up lunch, and is furnished with money and instructed to stop at the confectionery and buy something for lunch. This "something" will usually prove to be a paper of chocolate drops or rich nut candy, perhaps supplemented by a lemon or a cocoanut.

By the eleven o'clock recess the little stomach is faint for want of nourishment, and is then stayed by these cloying sweets; at noon, a headache and general debility has ensued and there is little appetite. A few hasty dips into the basket suffices, and the child rushes to violent play. Soon health fails under this regimen, a physician is consulted, and prescribes, and the announcement is made that the child is studying too hard, or is too closely confined, and must discontinue school until it recuperates. Classes are lost, interest in the studies interrupted, habits of steady persistence in duty broken up, and a series of bad effects instituted, the extent of which is commensurate only with the number of times facts recur.

If any one believes the case exaggerated, he is invited to stop at some school during the noon hour, and see the children open their baskets. I did this a few days since, and this is what I saw: Basket number one contained three lemons and a paper of confectioner's sugar (what part of terra-alba that article represented I leave the chemist to guess). Number two had chocolate cake, cocoanut cake, a dish of olives and peanuts. Number three, a box of sardines, a can opener, four cucumber pickles and crackers. Number four, mince pie, chow-chow and pickled tongue. Number five, potted ham sandwich, candy and fruit. Now, few adults are endowed with stomachs able to bear such a diet for nine months in a year—alas! the slaughter of the innocents!

If mothers could feel the importance of this matter they would insist, in the first place, that the children should eat a good substantial breakfast before leaving home. This can be done if it is made a point, and they be required to rise early enough to be in readiness to start as soon as breakfast is over. In the meantime, let the mother herself put up the noon basket, even if something else must be left undone. Let there be fruit for the eleven o'clock recess, with the injunction that nothing else be touched. Then, a generous slice of good bread thickly spread with butter, cold meat and a bottle of rich milk, and perhaps a bit of sweets, that the obedient son or daughter is told to eat last. Ask the children when they come home if they ate the lunch, and make it worth their while to obey, and, if I am not mistaken, you will have happy, rosy-cheeked little folks, who will love school, and will not need physic to keep them from "breaking down" before the session is finished.—*Mrs. E. N. Hood, in the Texas Sanitarian.*

CRYING BABIES.

It is not very probable that a young babe ever cries from inherent naughtiness. Natural language is the only means of expression of which it is capable. And this expression is confined solely, at first, to crying. Before resorting to any arbitrary measures, or treating this as an offence, it would be well to consider the numerous causes which may occasion discomfort. It may be hungry, or suffering from the effects of improper food or injurious drugs, which are too often ignorantly administered; or it may be uncomfortably clothed. And it can be safely said that every babe dressed after the style common to American infants generally, with a number of wide bands pinned about the waist, supporting an equal number of long skirts, with insufficient covering for the arms, shoulders and chest, is, to use a mild expression, uncomfortably clothed.

Even after children are capable of uttering articulate words, they sometimes seem incapable of explaining the cause of their discomfort. A little boy was fretful, and could nor be induced to join with other children in their sports, but persisted in clinging to his mother. Finally, after the mother's patience had nearly become exhausted, it was discovered that an ill-fitting collar had abraded the tender neck. After this had been adjusted he was soon engaged in play as happy as his little playmates. Another child, who persisted in crying and screaming without apparent cause, was punished on the ground of general crossness. On being undressed at night, a number of places were discovered where a bent pin in its clothing had penetrated the tender flesh.

A babe sometimes becomes restless and uneasy from want of exercise. Unfasten its clothes and gently rub its back and body with the soft palm of the hand. This is much better, especially for young infants than tossing or jolting upon the knee.

Some babies are very susceptible to cold or a draft, and are liable to become chilled when the cause is not perceptible. This almost invariably produces distress and pain in the stomach and bowels. An elderly lady who had raised a large family of children called one day upon the wife of a physician, who is now an eminent practitioner, but who at that time was beginning practice in a country town. The young mother was walking the floor endeavoring to quiet a restless babe. She explained that it was subject to unaccountable spells of crying and fretting, which had baffled the father's skill to discover the cause or find a remedy. The visitor asked to take the child. She found that its hands and feet were cold. Under her directions a flannel cloth was held to the stove until it was thoroughly dried and warmed. This was folded and wrapped about its feet and limbs. Another prepared in a similar manner, was placed over its arms and stomach, and it soon fell into a quiet slumber.

"Well!" exclaimed the now enlightened father, "I think it is necessary for a physician to raise one child at least in order to understand how to treat others successfully." By his recommendations, flannel under-wrappers with long sleeves were made, lined throughout with some soft material that the flannel might not come in contact with the sensitive skin. These were worn next the pinning blanket, and helped to support the long skirt worn over it. They were changed frequently, and were worn both night and day, and in consequence the pale, sickly babe grew good-natured, rosy and strong. The use of these wrappers cannot be too highly recommended.—*Ruth Grey, in the Voice.*

USES OF BORAX.

Borax is an invaluable addition to every household. It may be used as a substitute for soap, or in combination with it, and it is far superior to soda for softening the water, and will prevent the red in napkins and tablecloths from fading. A handful of borax may be added to nine or ten gallons of water for washing laces or fine flannels or cashmeres. Borax imparts an extra polish to cuffs, collars, or other starched clothes. Use in the proportion of a teaspoonful of borax to tablespoonful of dry-starch. It is also useful in place of alum to render fabrics fire-proof. Placed between blankets in storage, or scattered about in other places haunted by moths, it invariably destroys them, while it is harmless to domestic pets. Silver of any kind in daily use may be easily brightened by immersing in strong borax-water for several hours. The water should be boiling when the silver and borax are put in. Borax-water will also cleanse silk or wool goods not sufficiently soiled to require washing, if gently applied with a sponge as directed for washing flannels.

As a toilet accessory it is very useful, cleansing thoroughly the skin and hair. For this purpose dissolve one-half teaspoonful of borax in a quart of water. It is also recommended for use in washing out a baby's mouth, keeping it fresh and sweet and preventing the infliction of a sore mouth. It is a perfect antiseptic and disinfectant, and mixed with glycerine or honey it is useful in throat diseases.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

HOME CARPENTERING.

It does not take a woman who is counted "one in a thousand" to make a gipsy table, I know, for over in the corner stands a pretty one which I made three years ago. I took a barrel top, made a cross in three places equal distances apart, bored small holes where I had marked, then sharpened the ends of my broomsticks and tied them loosely together in the centre with a strong string. Next I put the sharpened ends through the holes in the top, securing them with small nails, trimmed the sticks off evenly, bound them tightly with a wire where they crossed. I stained mine with burnt umber and turpentine, varnished this, and added two gilt rings near the bottom of each leg. The cover consists of one yard of tan-color, double-fleeced canton flannel, cut square. I slashed it in squares, button-holed it with red yarn and fastened a tassel on each corner. The wire binding the legs together is concealed by a ribbon and bow.—*Housekeeper.*

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE?

Nellie, the friend of my childhood, lived near me at the foot of the Catskill mountains. Her father was a professing Christian, tender and careful in his family. Occasionally there were rumors of an appetite for strong drink, followed by seasons of terrible remorse, that my child's heart was slow to understand. But one day I overheard my mother say to a neighbor: He cannot help drinking, it's born in him; before his birth his mother would go again and again to the cider barrel and drink to intoxication."

The next few years were a terrific struggle with appetite. Finally he despaired, and under a sense of the deep disgrace he was to his family, he drank a bottle of laudanum on his way to his home, where he died in great agony. The question is, who was responsible?—*Union Signal.*

HAM OMELET.—Put omelet in spider and add half a cupful of chopped boiled ham free from fat, after it has been in spider two or three minutes. When brown on bottom fold over half way.

The Family Circle.

EDWIN ARNOLD TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

No moaning of the bar; sail forth strong ship
Into that gloom which has God's face for a far light.
Not a dirge but a proud farewell from each fond lip,
And praise, abounding praise, and Fame's faint starlight,
Lamping thy tuneful soul to that large noon,
Where thou shalt choir with angels. Words of woe
Are for the unfulfilled, not thee whose moon
Of genius sinks full-orbed, glorious, aglow.
No moaning of the bar, musical drifting,
Of Time's waves, turning to the eternal sea.
Death's soft wind all thy gallant canvas lifting,
And Christ thy pilot to the peace be.

THE STUDY OF THE STARS.

(A. F. Beach, in Scientific American.)

During the beautiful autumnal evenings few persons can look up into the starry dome of heaven without longing for a better acquaintance with the glowing orbs whose

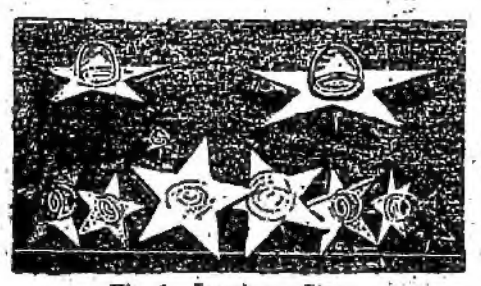


Fig. 1.—Luminous Stars.

radiance meets the view in every direction. If one turns to the star maps and books of astronomy, there will be found clearly laid down the history, names, colors, magnitudes, and positions of all the principal celestial bodies. But when, after studying the map, he goes out of doors, thinking to carry the chart in his mind, and easily to locate and recognize individual members of the glittering host, he is sadly disappointed. To his untrained eye the glorious stars appear the same as before, all mixed in inextricable confusion; and for him the map is of little value. Discouraged with the result of this first effort the majority of people abandon the matter and go through life without ever gaining an insight into this the sublimest of the sciences, and never experience the inexpressible delights that attend on this grandest of studies.

To assist the amateur, whether old or young, in the study of astronomy, to render the opening lessons easy and attractive, and insensibly to interest his mind in this most ennobling subject, has led me to design the simple devices which I will now describe.

One form is as follows: I provide a sheet of card-board, say two feet square, one side of which is covered with what is known as luminous paint. This remarkable substance has the quality of storing up the sunlight, and gradually delivering the same in the darkness. The paint is a chemical combination, chiefly of lime and sulphur. This luminous sheet I pin upon a light wooden board. I also cut out of common card-board a few small stars of different sizes, to represent stars of the first, second, third and fourth magnitudes, and provide each star with a central pin.

In use the luminous board is held as shown in the engraving, and on it are placed the paper stars. The holder of the board glances upward at the sky, notes the position of the stars, and then arranges their counterparts upon the luminous board, the glowing purple light of which, even in the darkest night, enables him to do this with the utmost ease and satisfaction. The counterfeit stars being thus arranged and fastened upon the board, it is taken indoors and compared with the map or chart, with which the selected group is instantly recognized and named.

In this simple way the forms, positions, and component stars of all the principal heavenly bodies may quickly be learned by any person without a teacher; and the study, while it instructs and impresses the mind, is, in the highest degree, fascinating.

A still simpler device, but in the same line, is to cut the stars out of the luminous cardboard, and then arrange and pin them as before described upon the surface of a wooden board, say two feet square, painted dead black. In this case the movable stars will appear luminous on the board, even in the darkest night. Instead of using ordinary pins, wire round staples bent up as shown in Fig. 1, will be found convenient: these are easily fingered and quickly placed as desired.

A light, convenient, non-warping star board may be made by gluing together, crosswise, three sheets of pine wood veneers. It is needless to occupy space in describing all the uses of this device for promoting the first lessons in star study. Suffice it to say that with the contrivance in hand, together with star maps, such as those that were prepared for the *Scientific American* by the late Richard A. Proctor, any person may soon become an intelligent student of the skies; and his knowledge may be greatly supplemented and extended if, at the same time, he provides himself with the admirable book, "Astronomy with an Opera Glass," by that most excellent observer and writer, Mr. Garrets P. Serviss.

A ROUGH NIGHT.

The ostler of the quiet little inn of Redruth was startled from his sleepy reverie by the rattle of carriage wheels. Here was a customer at last

The iron horse, with its snorting, puffing haste, had not yet invaded the town, for its inventor was not even born! So carriage and post horses had it all their own way.

"Muster Wesley it be, surely!"

And Peter—for that was his name—bustled about to care for the steaming horses, while their master was fed inside.

"Good Mr. Pembertley, I must get to St. Ives to-night, and my servant, who has driven me here, knows not the way. Have you one you can depend upon to drive me there?"

Mr. Pembertley stroked his chin in true landlord fashion—"Well, yes, there's our Martin, he knows the road; you should start early, though."

"Well said, I am ready; let him drive me."

So the faithful ostler got on the box, and the lumbering coach, with a thwack and a hurroo, went over the rough stones of the little narrow street, with Mr. Wesley inside.

On they went till the pretty little town of Hayle was reached.

"I'm afraid we're too late, Muster Wesley—the tide is rising, and the only way we can go is across the sands."

"Go on, my man, I must get there."

"Beg pardon, sir," said a rough, weather-beaten captain, who saw they were starting for the sands, "you won't get to St. Ives that way to-night, or, if you do, it's an awfully dangerous road. I shouldn't go, if I was you!"

"I must—I must keep my appointment. I am to preach at eight o'clock, I will not disappoint them."

"Take the sea, take the sea," he shouted to the hesitating driver, and away they went, plunging at once into the fringe of the advancing tide.

No easy work had the horses, however. They floundered about, and the farther they went the more the waters seemed to swirl round them. Now and again the wheels of the carraige would sink into the great pits and ruts in the sands. Peter had hard work to keep in the saddle, while the poor frightened, struggling horses reared and plunged as the great waves, now beginning to roll in, would splash at their sides and smother them in spray.

Presently, above the roar of the waters, the worn-out driver heard a voice, and, turning round, saw Mr. Wesley looking out of the carraige window the very picture of calm trust, although the salt spray ran down his white locks and over his face. No thought of fear had he! He was on his Master's business—nothing could harm him.

"What is your name, driver?" he called.

"Peter, sir," was the reply, half-drowned by the dashing waves.

"Peter! Peter! fear not; you shall not sink!"

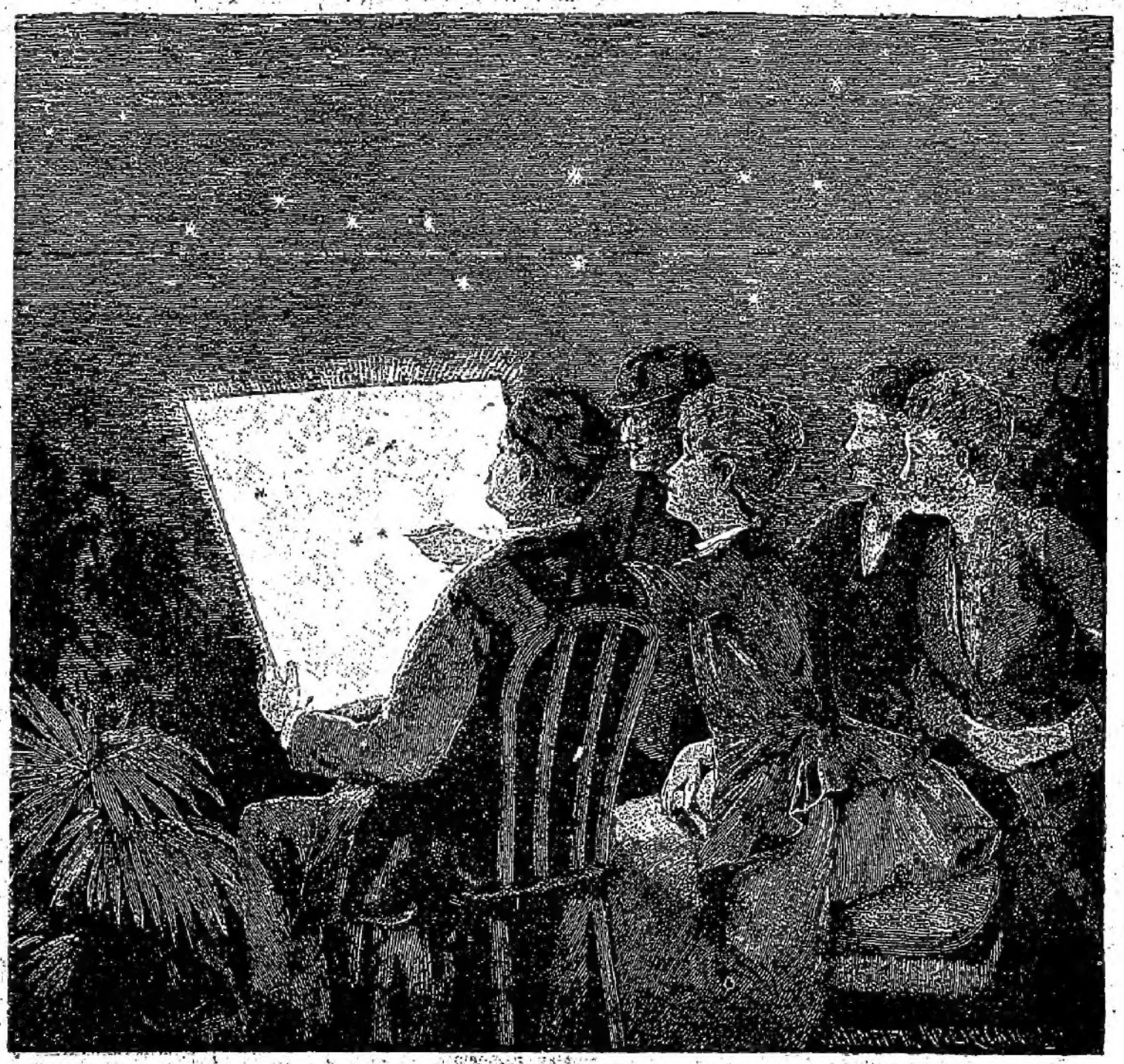
Mr. Wesley's dauntless spirit put fresh courage into the disheartened man, and by dint of shouts, and spurs, and whip, the tired and exhausted animals were induced to make fresh efforts against the remorseless waters, and with many a plunge and splash and fearful swaying to and fro of the coach, he succeeded in getting through the belt of water which runs into St. Ives Bay, and soon the welcome lights showed the end of their perilous journey was near, and the coach was once more on firm ground, and rattled up to the door of the church, where the expectant crowd was waiting, not disappointed in hearing the great preacher.

What encouragement the kindly voice of Wesley gave the poor wearied coachman as he struggled through the fierce waves! It reminds us of One infinitely mightier than any earthly friend, who bids his people be of good cheer, and assures them that, though they pass "through the waters of trial, or affliction, or sorrow," they shall not overflow them, because "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not" (Isa. xli. 13).—*H. Hankinson, in Our Own Magazine.*

WHAT PROHIBITION DOES.

Prohibition makes tippling unlawful and disgraceful, and that is much to the credit of Prohibition. If we cannot yet put the devil in chains for a thousand years, let us at least drive him out of good society, compel him to hide in the dark and the dirt, and not protect him with our laws and our courts of justice.—*The Golden Rule.*

It Never Makes us a bit broader to go up and down the earth declaring that somebody else is narrow.



THE STUDY OF THE STARS—THE LUMINOUS BOARD.

REV. R. S. STORRS, D.D., LL.D.

Said Rufus Choate to a young man who was studying law in his office: "I commend to you William Pinkney's example: 'I never read a fine sentence in any author,' said Pinkney, 'without committing it to memory.' The result was decidedly the most splendid and powerful English-spoken style I ever heard." It may not be easy to tell how much Choate's advice had to do with the success of his hearer; but no man in our country is better known for his magnificent diction and the finished style of the periods that flow from his lips, whether he speaks from a manuscript or entirely without notes.

It was not for the bar, however, but for the pulpit, to claim this eloquence. For nearly thirty-four years the Rev. Richard Salter Storrs had been the honored pastor as Longmeadow, Mass.; for about threescore years at Braintree, Mass., were heard the stirring appeals of a second Richard Salter Storrs, of whom it was said that in the pulpit he looked like a living flame; and a great loss would it have been to the church if the third Richard Salter Storrs had not followed the calling of his father and grandfather. From many another ancestor, too, he inherited influences that would naturally lead him to the ministry.

So, after the two years' study of law that followed graduation at Amherst, came a course at Andover Theological Seminary, and a call, in 1845, to the Harvard church at Brookline, Mass. From there he went, the next year, to the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, of which he became the first pastor.

In the line of Dr. Storrs' descent one finds names that are among the brightest in the religious history of our country. It seems fitting that he should minister to a church bearing the name of the Pilgrims, a church that gained an early impulse as a result of a Forefathers' Day address by Rufus Choate, which was organized by a council meeting on Forefathers' Day, and whose house of worship has in corner-stone and tower fragments of the rock pressed by the Pilgrims' feet. But, imbued as Dr. Storrs is with the spirit of our own land, he is noted also for the rich stores of knowledge that he brings from the study of all lands and times.

In many ways the public and the church have been made debtors to Dr. Storrs. His services are much sought for great occasions, and an address from him is enough to make any occasion great. The courses of lectures that he has delivered in cities and educational institutions have been invaluable contributions to literature and to the defence of Christian truth; and, though one misses in the printed page the fine presence and voice of the orator, there is inspiration in the grand thoughts and glowing words. To Richard Salter Storrs, the father, was due not a little of the prosperous growth of the *Congregationalist*, and of the *Boston Recorder*, one of the oldest of our religious papers; Richard Salter Storrs, the son, was for thirteen years associated with the *Independent*; the father's heart was set on missionary work in Georgia; through his position as president of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the son's influence is felt to the ends of the world. But his estimate of the work that stands foremost he has thus given in his latest book, now fresh from the press: "No other errand on earth surpasses his who, through the supreme message of God, uttered from the lips and re-enforced by the life, is able to send the human spirit, trembling but triumphing, conscious of sin, but exulting in faith, to enter, with a song that never shall cease, the gates of light."—*Golden Rule.*

CHINESE WOMEN AND THE GOSPEL.

At a recent meeting of the China Inland Mission Miss Geraldine Guinness spoke of the readiness to hear to be found among Chinese women. She said it is such a sweet thing to have the old story of Jesus to bring to these dear people. It does so wonderfully meet their needs. It meets them just where they are, and opens to them just what they want.

I have in my hand a little rosary. It is a Buddhist rosary, and it belonged for thirty-five years to a woman who believed that this was her best hope of salvation. Every one of those beads represents thousands of prayers, short prayers, just nothing but the name of Buddha. She used to spend sometimes six hours a day or spend all the night in praying over these beads. For thirty-five years this woman was a vegetarian. She touched no meat, nor fish, nor eggs, nor anything of the kind. She just lived upon vegetables and rice, and gave herself up to good works, so seeking to save her soul.

At last she heard something of the teaching of the missionaries. Her son came home to her, and told her something of what they said, and she was very, very angry, and said, "*Do not go near those people.* All they say is untrue. They are very dangerous and very wrong." And she warned him exceedingly not to go again. But her own heart was hungry, and she could not help going herself round to the little preaching chapel and listening to what they had to say; and there that dear old woman of seventy-two the first time she heard the Gospel felt that it was just what she wanted, and she opened her heart to receive it.

She could only understand a little; and she went back to her son and said, "You must go every night and learn all about it and come and explain it to me. It is just what I want." And now that dear old woman is a most consistent Christian, and her son is one of the most earnest members of the little Christian church. These are the

THE REV. R. S. STORRS, D.D., LL.D.

beads that represented her only hope for so long. They represent thousands of hopeless prayers.

Have we not something better than that to take to them? The Gospel is just what these people need. I could give you instance after instance of it—so many in which, hearing for the first time, these dear people understand. I have been quite struck with that in the records of baptisms. When they come forward for baptism in all the various stations the question is generally asked them how they became Christians, how they were converted; and not infrequently is it the testimony that the first time the Gospel was heard it was believed—not always, of course, but still in not a few cases.

Just to illustrate this point of how suitable and sweet the Gospel message is to these people, let me tell you one or two little incidents that have come under my own personal notice, and you will excuse my taking five minutes longer of your time.

When I was first privileged to go to the north, I was journeying up the river to Ho-nan after being ten months in China. We were several weeks on the river. It was the depth of winter, and on Sundays we used not to travel, of course, but anchor our boats at the side of the river, and spend the day on shore, seeking to reach the women. One Sunday I remember so well. We stopped at a little out-of-the-way settlement on a sandy part of the river—just a little place where they collected wood to sell to the boats—and we went on shore and spent all the day in talking to the few women to be found there, little groups of some twenty or thirty. Mrs. Herbert Taylor was telling them the Gospel, and I listened with great interest, just able to understand what she said.

One old woman who must have been quite seventy years of age followed us all day long from one little group to another, and listened most attentively. In the afternoon the meaning of what was said seemed to dawn upon her, and she interrupted Mrs. Taylor once and leaned forward and said, "But do you say that it is for me—that this wonderful Saviour can forgive my sins? I am an old woman of seventy, and I never heard about it before. Is it really for me?" And when she was assured that it was for her she seemed so glad, and she listened and listened and followed us round all day; and then towards evening as the sun was setting we had to go back to our boat, and these dear women came down with us to the shore, quite a little crowd, and this old woman was amongst the number.

I shall never forget watching that old woman's face. She stood a little apart from the rest of the crowd who were saying good-bye to us with such effusive kindness. She stood alone on the sandy bank there, and turned away from the boat and from us altogether. She seemed to be looking toward the setting sun, and I saw her old lips moving, and I stood a little nearer to her, and I just heard her say a little prayer that we had been teaching them that day—a few words, just a little sentence. She had got it by heart, and she was saying it over and over again to herself, forgetful of all her surroundings. She repeated it many times while I listened before I had to go away.—"Jesus Saviour, dear Jesus, I pray Thee to forgive my sins, and take me to heaven."

Is not that word true, "Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved"? I believe that Christ reckons His church in China, not by the rolls of communicants in our stations—thank God for every one of them—but we do believe, we cannot but believe, that there are many, many hundreds who are never baptized, and whose names do not appear on the church registers, but who are dear to him as His little ones.

Coming down that same river when I left Ho-nan, I recall a rather similar instance. We were moored with some two or three hundred other boats by the little village where we were stopping for the night. You see that these are the kind of openings that we get in travelling about China. When the evening meal was over, a lot of women from these boats crowded on our boat to see us and talk to us, and we had a long evening's work telling the Gospel to these dear people. You know how, sometimes, here in England there appears to be a special spirit of hearing. There was that night. Every sentence and every word seemed to go right home to hearts that were prepared for what we had to say. We do meet that sometimes, not always, not often, but sometimes it is so; and then it is such an exquisite joy to tell of Jesus when you feel that the heart is just taking it in as if it had been waiting for that very news.

Well, it was so that night, with the women especially. A young girl from the next boat to ours listened till late on into the night, and then she went away. We were teaching them some little sentences as we often do in China, with five characters in each, rhyming as to the number of syllables, just conveying the simplest outline of the Gospel. That night I did not sleep very much. I was very tired, and we were rather afraid of robbers on the river: and somehow or other I lay awake a good part of the night; and in the middle of the night I heard the people in the next boat begin to move. The women were waking up, and they talked a little to one another, and then began to settle down again; and one of them said to the other—"Now, do not forget that Jesus gave up His life to redeem our lives. Do not let us forget it." And they talked over it a little while, and then seemed to go to sleep.

But the little girl evidently was awake, because after all was quiet in the hush of midnight and there was no sound to be heard save the splash of the river that went rushing down through the crowd of boats, I heard her voice. She was talking to herself and going over the words which we had been teaching them, the four little sentences we had been trying to get them to remember. In English it was just this. "Jesus can forgive sins; Jesus can give us peace; Jesus lovingly cares for us all the way, and after death takes us to heaven."

She repeated it over and over again to herself, softly, in the silence of the night. It went into my heart. I knew that in the morning we should part never to meet again, but just there by the wayside they had heard of Jesus, and found that He was just what they wanted.

Oh, the women of China do need a Saviour! They do need the love that Jesus brings, and they need loving sisters' hearts and voices to go to them. They welcome us; they welcome us exceedingly. Even during the seven happy years that it was my privilege to work in East London I never had more love, more real sympathy and kindness, than I have met with in the heart of China.—*China's Millions.*

THE BIBLE IN THE CLASS.

There are still to be found Sunday-schools in which both teachers and scholars are accustomed to use lesson-helps in the class exercise. An Ohio superintendent, who has been chosen to have charge of such a school, writes to ask whether he is right in thinking that this custom is an undesirable one. Here is his statement of the case:

I am acting in the capacity of superintendent of a Sunday-school which has fallen into the habit, as many others have done, of using the lesson-leaf and quarterly in the class. Most of our teachers do the same. It is my opinion that this is not the way these helps were designed to be used. I propose to have my teachers use nothing but the Bible in the class, and later I hope to have every scholar use nothing but the Bible in the class. I hold that the quarterlies should be studied at home, as a help to the lesson, and should not be used in the class. Am I right? I shall be pleased, and it will greatly oblige me, to have your opinion on the above.

Certainly this superintendent is correct in his opinion. A lesson-help is designed as a help to the study of the lesson, and not as a help to a conference over the lesson by teachers and scholars in the class. In no secular school is a pupil allowed to have his lesson-book before him in the class; and it is the rule with the best teachers not to use a lesson-book there. The Bible should be before both teacher and scholars in the class, for that contains the text which the lesson-helps have aided in making clear; but a lesson-help in the class is a hinderance, and not a help.—*Sunday-school Times.*

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE VIII.—*(Continued.)*

"Give a feller time to think, will yer?" expostulated Jabe, with his mouth full of pie. "Everything comes to him as waits'd be an awful good motto for you! Where'd I see 'em? Why, I fetched 'em as fur as the cross-roads myself."

"Well, I never?" "I want to know!" cried the two women in one breath.

"I picked 'em up out on the road, a little piece this side o' the station. 'T was at the top o' Marm Berry's hill, that's jest where 't was. The boy was trudgin' along draggin' the baby 'n' the basket, 'n' I thought I'd give him a lift, so s' I, 'Goin' t' the Swamp or t' the Falls?' s' I. 'To the Falls,' s' 'e. 'Git in,' s' I, "n' I'll give yer a ride, 'f y' ain't in no hurry,' s' I. So in he got, 'n' the baby tew. When I got putty near home, I happened ter think I'd oughter gone roun' by the tan'ry 'n' picked up the Widder Foss, 'n' so s' I, 'I aint' goin' no nearer to the Falls; but I guess your laigs is good for the balance o' the way, ain't they?' s' I. 'I guess they be!' s' 'e. Then he thanked me 's perlite 's Deacon Sawyer's first wife, 'n' I left him 'n' his folks in the road where I found 'em."

"Didn't you ask where he belonged nor where he was bound?"

"'Taint my way to waste good breath askin' questions 't ain't none o' my bis'ness," replied Mr. Slocum.

"You're right, it ain't," responded Samantha, as she slammed the milk-pans in the sink; "'n' it's my hope that some time when you get good and ready to ask somebody somethin' they'll be in too much of a hurry to answer you!"

"Be they any of your folks, Miss Vildy?" asked Jabe, grinning with delight at Samantha's ill humor.

"No," she answered briefly.

"What yer cal'latin' ter do with 'em?"

"I haven't decided yet. The boy says they haven't got any folks nor any home; and I suppose it's our duty to find a place for 'em. I don't see but we've got to go to the expense of takin' 'em back to the city and puttin' 'em in some asylum."

"How'd they happen to come here?"

"They ran away from the city yesterday, and they liked the looks of this place; that's all the satisfaction we can get out of 'em, and I dare say it's a pack of lies."

"That boy wouldn't tell a lie no more 'n a seraphim!" said Samantha tersely.

"You can't judge folks by appearances," answered Vilda. "But anyhow, don't talk to the neighbors, Jabe; and if you haven't got anything special on hand to day, I wish you'd patch the roof of the summer house and dig us a mess of beet greens. Keep the children with you, and see what you make of 'em; they're playin' in the garden now."

"All right. I'll size 'em up the best I ken, tho' mebbe it 'll hender me in my work some; but time was made for slaves, as the molasses said when they told it to hurry up in winter time."

Two hours later, Miss Vilda looked from the kitchen window and saw Jabez Slocum coming across the road from the garden. Timothy trudged beside him, carrying the basket of greens in one hand, and the other locked in Jabe's huge paw; his eyes upturned and shining with pleasure, his lips moving as if he were chattering like a magpie. Lady Gay was just where you might have expected to find her, mounted on the towering height of Jabe's shoulder, one tiny hand grasping his weather-beaten straw hat, while with the other she whisked her willing steed with an alder switch which had evidently been cut for that purpose by the victim himself.

"That's the way he's sizin' of em up," said Samantha, leaning over Vilda's shoulder with a smile. "I'll bet they've sized him up enough sight better 'n he has them!"

Jabe left the children outside, and came in with the basket. Putting his hat in the wood-box and hitching up his trousers impressively, he sat down on the settle.

"Them ain't no children to be wanderin' about the earth afoot 'n' alone, 'same 's Hitty went to the beach; nor they ain't any common truck ter be put inter 'sylums 'n' poor-farms. There some young ones that's so everlastin' chuckle-headed 'n' hombly 'n' contrairy that they ain't hardly wuth savin'; but these ain't that kind. The baby, now you've got her cleaned up, is han'somer 'n any baby on the river, 'n' a reg'lar chunk o' sunshine besides. I'd be willin' ter pay her a little suthin' for livin' alongside. The boy,—well, the boy is a extra-ordinary boy. We got on ter-gether 's slick as if we was twins. That boy's got idees, that's what he's got; 'n' he's likely to grow up into—well, 'most anything."

"If you think so highly of 'em, why don't you adopt 'em?" asked Miss Vilda curtly. "That's what they seem to think folks ought to do."

"I ain't sure but I shall," Mr. Slocum responded unexpectedly. "If you can't find a better home for 'em somewheres, I ain't sure but I'll take 'em myself. Land sakes! if Rhapseny was alive I'd adopt 'em quicker 'n think; but marm won't take to the idee very strong, I don't s'pose, 'n' she ain't much on bringin' up children, as I ken testify. Still, she's a heap better 'n a brick asylum with a six-foot stone wall round it, when yer come to that. But I b'lieve we ken do better for 'em. I can say to folks, 'See here: here's a couple o' smart, han'some children. You can have 'em for nothin', 'n' needn't resk the onsartainty o' gittin married 'n' raisin yer own; 'n' when yer come ter that, yer wouldn't stan' no charnce o' gittin' any as likely as these air, if yo did.'"

"That's true as the gospel!" said Samantha. It nearly killed her to agree with him, but the words were fairly wrung from her unwilling lips by his eloquence and wisdom.

"Well, we'll see what we can do for 'em," said Vilda in a non-committal tone; "and here they'll have to stay, for all I see, tell we can get time to turn round and look 'em up a *place*."

"And the way their edjercation has been left be," continued Mr. Slocum, "is a burnin' shame in a Christian country. I don' b'lieve they ever see the inside of a schoolhouse! I've learned 'em more this mornin' 'n they ever learn tell of before, but they're 's ignorant's Cooper's cow yit. They don' know tansy from sorrel, nor slip'ry ellum from pennyroyal, nor burdock from pig-weed; they don' know a dand'lion from a hole in the ground; they don' know where the birds put up when it comes on night; they never see a brook afore, nor a bull-frog; they never learn tell o' cat-o'-nine-tails, nor jack-lanterns, nor see-saws. Land sakes! we got ter talkin' 'bout so many things that I clean forgot the summer-house roof. But there! this won't do for me: I must be goin'; there ain't no rest for the workin'-man in this country."

"If there wa'n't no work for him, he'd be wuss off yet," responded Samantha.

"Right ye are, Samanthy! Look here, when'd you want that box you give me to fix?"

"I wanted it before hayin', but I s'pose any time before Thanksgivin' 'll do, seein' it's you."

"What's wuth doin' 't all 's wuth takin' time over, 's my motto," said Jabe cheerfully, "but seein' it's you, I'll nail that cover on ter night or bust!"

(To be Continued.)

WHY.

"Weed, tall and unsightly,
Wherefore dost thou grow?"
Not now, but hereafter,"
The Weed said, "thou shalt know."

Swift, swift sped the summer;
The tall Weed turned brown;
Soon followed the winter,
When the snow came down.

Deep, deep, ever deeper,
Upon the earth it lay;
The Weed rose above it,
And on a cold, cold day,

When winds were a-blowing,
There came on strong fleet wings
Three dainty questlings—
The dearest little things

That ever alighted
Upon a tall weed's stem;
And I saw, my darlings,
The Weed feed each of them.

Weed, tall and unsightly
In summer land so green,
Learned in winter
What could its growing mean.

A seed head uplifted
Above a waste of snow
Is reason abundant
Why any weed should grow.

—*Wide Awake.*

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE IX.

A Village Sabbath.

"NOW THE END OF THE COMMANDMENT IS CHARITY, OUT OF A PURE HEART."

It was Sunday morning, and the very peace of God was brooding over Pleasant River. Timothy, Rags, and Gay were playing decorously in the orchard. Maria was hitched to an apple-tree in the side yard, and stood there serenely with her eyes half closed, dreaming of oats past and oats to come. Miss Vilda and Samantha issued from the mosquito-netting door, clad in Sunday best; and the children approached nearer, that they might share in the excitement of the departure for "meeting." Gay clamored to go, but was pacified by the gift of a rag-doll that Samantha had made for her the evening before. It was a monstrosity, but Gay dipped it instantly in the alembic of her imagination, and it became a beautiful, responsive little daughter, which she clasped close in her arms, and on which she showered the tenderest tokens of maternal affection.

Miss Vilda handed Timothy a little green-paper-covered book, before she climbed into the buggy. "That's a catechism," she said; "and if you'll be a good boy and learn the first six pages, and say 'em to me this afternoon, Samantha 'll give you a top that you can spin on week days."

"What is a catechism?" asked Timothy, as he took the book.

"It's a Sunday-school lesson."

"Oh, then I can learn it, said Timothy, brightening; "I learned three for Miss Dora, in the city."

"Well, I'm thankful to hear that you've had some spiritual advantages; now, stay right here in the orchard till Jabe comes; and don't set the house afire," she added, as Samantha took the reins and raised them for the mighty slap on Maria's back which was necessary to wake her from her Sunday slumber.

"Why should I want to set the house afire?" Timothy asked wonderingly.

"Well, I don't know 's you would want to, but I thought you might get to playin' with matches, though I've hid 'em all."

"Play with matches!" exclaimed Timothy, in wide-eyed astonishment that a match could appeal to anybody as a desireable plaything. "Oh, no, thank you; I shouldn't have thought of it.

"I don't know as we ought to have left 'em alone," said Miss Vilda, looking back, as Samantha urged the moderate Maria over the road, "though I don't know exactly what they could do."

"Except run away," said Samantha reflectively.

"I wish to the land they would! It would be the easiest way out of a troublesome matter. Every day that goes by will make it harder for us to decide what to do with 'em; for you can't do by those you know the same as if they were strangers."

There was a long main street running through the village north and south. Toward the north it led through a sweet-scented wood, where the grass tufts grew in verdant strips along the little-travelled road. It had been a damp morning, and, though now the sun was shining brilliantly, the spiders' webs still covered the fields: gossamer laces of moist, spun silver, through which shone the pink and lilac of the meadow grasses. The wood was a quiet place, and more than once Miss Vilda and Samantha had discussed matters there which they would never have mentioned at the White Farm.

Maria went ambling along serenely through the arcade of trees, where the sun went wandering softly, "as with his hands before his eyes;" overhead, the vast blue canopy of heaven, and under the trees the soft brown leaf carpet, "woven by a thousand autumns.

"I don't know but I could grow to like the baby in time," said Vilda, "though it's my opinion she's goin' to be dreadful troublesome; but I'm more'n half afraid of the boy. Every time he looks at me with those searchin' eyes of his, I mistrust he's goin' to say something about Marthy,—all on account of his giving me such a turn when he came to the door.'

"He'd be awful handy round the house, though, Vildy; that is, if he is handy,—pickin' up chips, 'n' layin' fires, 'n' what not; but 's you say, he ain't so takin' as the baby at first sight. She's got the same winnin' way with her that Marthy hed!"

"Yes," said Miss Vilda grimly; "and I guess it's the devil's own way."

"Well, yes, mebbe; 'n' then again mebbe 't ain't. There ain't no reason why the devil should own all the han'some faces 'n' tunesome laughs, 't I know of. It does seem 's if beauty was turrible misleadin', 'n' I've ben glad sometimes the Lord didn't resk none of it on me; for I was behind the door when good looks was give out, 'n' I'm willin' 't own up to it; but, all the same, I like to see putty faces roun' me, 'n' I guess when the Lord sets his mind on it He can make goodness 'n' beauty git along comf'tably in the same body. When yer come to that, hombly folks ain't allers as good 's they might be, 'n' no comfort to anybody's eyes, nuther."

"You think the boy's all right in the upper story, do you?" He's a strange kind of a child, to my thinkin'."

"I ain't so sure but he's smarter 'n we be, but he talks queer, 'n' no mistake. This mornin' he was pullin' the husks off a baby ear o' corn that Jabe brought in, 'n' s' 's 'S'manthy, I think the corn must be the happiest of all the veg'tables.' How you talk!' s' I; 'what makes you think that way?' 'Why because,' s' 'e, 'God has hidden it away so safe, with all that shinin' silk round it first, 'n' then the soft leaves wrapped outside o' the silk. I guess it's God's fav'rite veg'table; don't you, S'manthy?' 's 'e. And when I was showin' him pictures last night, 'n' he see the crosses on top some o' the city meetin'-houses, 's 'e, 'They have two sticks on 'most all the churches, don't they, S'manthy? I s'pose that's one stick for God, and the other for the peoples.' Well, now, don't you remember Seth Pennell, o' Buttertown, how queer he was when he was a boy? We thought he'd never be wuth his salt. He used to stan' in the front winder 'n' twirl the curtin tossel for hours to a time. And don't you know it come out last year that he'd wrote a reg'lar book, with covers on it 'n' all, 'n' that he got five dollars a colume for writin' poetry verses for the papers?"

"Oh, well, if you mean that," said Vilda argumentatively, "I don't call writin' poetry any great test of smartness. There ain't been big a fool in this village for years but could do somethin' in the writin' line. I guess it ain't any great trick, if you have a mind to put yourself down to it. For my part, I've always despised to see a great, hulkin' man, that could handle a hoe or a pitchfork, sit down and twirl a pen-stalk."

"Well, I ain't so sure. I guess the Lord hes his own way o' managin' things. We ain't all cal'lated to hoe pertaters nor yet to write poetry verses. There's as much dif'rence in folks 's there is in anybody. Now I can take care of a dairy as well as the next one, 'n' nobody was ever hearn to complain o' my butter; but there was that lady in New York State that used to make flowers 'n' fruit 'n' graven images out o' her churnin's. You've hearn tell o' that piece she carried to the Centennial? Now, no sech doin's 's that ever come into my head. I've went on makin' round balls for twenty years; 'n' massy on us, don't I remember when my old butter stamp cracked, 'n' I couldn't get another with an ear o' corn on it 'n' hed to take one with a beehive, why, I was that homesick I couldn't bear to look my butter 'n the eye! But that woman would have had a new picter on her balls every day, I shouldn't wonder! (For massy's sake, Maria, don't stan' stock still 'n' let the flies eat yer up!) No, I tell yer, it takes all kinds o' folks to make a world. Now, I couldn't never read poetry. It's so dull, it makes me feel 's if I'd been trottin' all day in the sun! But there's folks that can stan' it, or they wouldn't keep on turnin' of it out. The children are nice children enough, but have they got any folks anywhere, 'n' what kind of folks, 'n' where'd they come from, anyhow: that's what we've got to find out, 'n' I guess it 'll be consid'able of a chore!"

"I don't know but you're right. I thought some of sendin' Jabe to the city to-morrow."

"Jabe? Well, I s'pose he'd be back by 'nother spring; but who'd we get ter shovel us out this winter, seein' as there ain't more 'n three men in the whole village? Aunt Hitty says twenty-year engagements 's goin' out o' fashion in the big cities, 'n' I'm glad if they be. They'd 'a' never come in, I told her, if there'd ever been an extry man in these parts, but there never was. If you got holt o' one by good luck, you had' ter keep holt, if 't was two years or twenty-two, or go without. I used ter be too proud ter go without; now I've got more sence, thanks be! Why don't you go to the city yourself, Vildy? Jabe Slocum ain't got sprawl enough to find out anythin' wuth knowin'."

"I suppose I could go, though I don't like the prospect of it very much. I haven't been there for years, but I'd ought to look after my property there once in a while. Deary me! it seems as if we weren't ever going to have any more peace."

"Mebbe we ain't," said Samantha, as they wound up the meeting-house hill; "but ain't we hed 'bout enough peace for one spell? If peace was the best thing we could get in this world, we might as well be them old cows by the side o' the road there. There ain't nothin' so peaceful as a cow, when you come to that!"

The two women went into the church more perplexed in mind than they would have cared to confess. During the long prayer (the minister could talk to God at much greater length than he could talk about Him), Miss Vilda prayed that the Lord would provide the two little wanderers with some more suitable abiding-place than the White Farm; and that, failing this, he would inform his servant whether there was anything unchristian in sending them to a comfortable public asylum. She then reminded Heaven that she had made the Foreign Missionary Society her residuary legatee (a deed that established her claim to being a zealous member of the fold), so that she could scarcely be blamed for not wishing to take two orphan children into her peaceful home.

Well, it is no great wonder that so faulty a prayer did not bring the wished-for light at once; but the ministering angels, who had the fatherless little ones in their care, did not allow Miss Vilda's mind to rest quietly. Just as the congregation settled itself after the hymn, and the palm-leaf fans began to sway in the air, a swallow flew in through the open window; and, after fluttering to and fro over the pulpit, hid itself in a dark corner, unnoticed by all save the small boys of the congregation, to whom it was, of course, a priceless boon. But Miss Vilda could not keep her wandering thoughts on the sermon any more than if she had been a small boy. She was anything but superstitious; but she had seen that swallow, or some of its ancestors, before. . . . It had flown into the church on the very Sunday of her mother's death. . . . They had left her sitting in the high-backed rocker by the window, the great family Bible and her spectacles on the little light-stand beside her. . . . When they returned from church, they had found their mother sitting as they left her, with a smile on her face, but silent and lifeless. . . . And through the glass of the spectacles, as they lay on the printed page, Vilda read the words, "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter;" had read them wonderingly, and marked the place with reverent fingers. . . . The swallow flew in again, years afterward. . . . She could not remember the day or the month, but she could never forget the summer, for it was the last bright one of her life, the last that pretty Martha ever spent at the White Farm. . . . And now here was the swallow again. . . . "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." Miss Vilda looked on the book and tried to follow the hymn; but passages of Scripture flocked into her head in place of good Dr. Watts's verses, and when the little melodeon played the interludes she could only hear:—

"Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young, even Thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God."

"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place."

"The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

And then the text fell on her bewildered ears, and roused her from one reverie to plunge her in another. It was chosen, as it chanced, from the First Epistle of Timothy, chapter first, verse fifth: "Now the end of the commandment is charity, out of a pure heart."

"That means the Missionary Society," said Miss Vilda to her conscience, doggedly; but she knew better. The parson, the text—or was it the bird?—had brought the message; but for the moment she did not lend the hearing ear or the understanding heart.

(To be Continued.)

A PEANUT HUNT.

A pleasant and easily arranged evening entertainment, suitable for winter or summer, is prepared in this way:

First, put in order the room in which you intend to entertain your guests, as any change in the position of the furniture is undesirable after "the party" is ready. It is a good plan to remove any fragile articles of bric-a-brac or furniture that may be within easy reach of the "hunters." Get a good supply of peanuts, according to the size of the room and the number of your guests.

Count the peanuts and record the number. Then let them be hidden in every imaginable, but particularly in every unimaginable, place. Exercise all your ingenuity, and remember that wits just as bright as yours are to find what you have concealed. Sometimes, however, it happens that a very conspicuous place is the last to be searched.

Now prepare as many little baskets, or receptacles of some sort, as you are to have guests. The little "cat baskets" are very good for this purpose, but boxes or larger baskets will serve as well. A little decoration of some sort enhances the pleasure of the seekers, and at the close of the evening the baskets may be given as souvenirs. The small baskets may be prettily grouped in a large basket, and both may be tied with ribbons.

If the company is large, the players may be asked to "hunt in couples," and the baskets may be arranged to match each other.

When the hunt begins, those who have placed the nuts are to act as umpires, in case there should be any question as to the first finders, and they must also notice whether all the nuts have been found, and so determine the end of the game.

Sometimes a single nut is dipped in ink or dyed red, and hidden away very securely and the person who finds this particular red or black nut is the winner of the game. But generally the prize is given to the person or the couple whose basket shows the greatest number of nuts.

The game is usually prolonged until the hostess finds by actual count that all the nuts have been brought in; but there is a record of one game that might never have ended if the company had waited until the red nut was found. That same red nut, by the way, has been perched in a conspicuous place in the parlor for several weeks, and no one has yet discovered its resting-place.

Prizes may be arranged for this as for any other game.—*Youth's Companion.*

DROPPED STITCHES.

With the dimples all playing at hide and at seek,
In the little round chin, and each soft little cheek,
A bonny, wee maiden sat knitting away,
Forgetful of dolly, of books, and of play.
"Do you ever drop stitches, my girlie?" asked I.
"Oh, lots of 'em!" was the confiding reply,
"But grandma takes up all my stitches for me,
And so I don't worry about 'em, you see!"

I wonder when we who are busy each day
With the hundreds of duties that fall in our way,
Will cease to grow anxious, and worry and fret
O'er the stitches we drop! and try to forget
That One who is wiser and stronger than we,
Our every hard struggle and error can see,
And for love of his children, with patience so rare
Takes up the dropped stitches, and lightens each care.

Dear Father, the work we are bidden to do
Is oftentimes hard, and ill-done, it is true;
And try as we will, there are faults every day,
And troubles and cares we can not put away.
Take up the dropped stitches, dear Father, and so
To work with new courage again we can go.

MARY D. BRINE.

A LITTLE TEMPERANCE WORK.

BY MRS. N. C. ALGER.

"I do wish you would help me finish my dinner, Tressie," said Grace Marshall. "You see, baby wanted my lunch-box, so mamma put my dinner in a paper. She said that would save bringing home a box this rainy day; but she put up such a lot, I can't eat it. Come over here and help me."

"Thank you, you're good," replied Tressie Welden, "but I've had my dinner."

"I don't care if you have," said Grace, "you might pity me, for mamma says I must not throw food away, and I'll be sick if I eat all this. I'll bring it to your desk, and put it in your mouth," and in two minutes she was by Tressie's side, dividing her paper and lunch, giving each two tongue sandwiches, two squares of cake, and an orange.

But now, Tressie covered her face with her thin hands, and did not even touch the food. Grace put her arm around her and said, "Come, now, be a good girl. You will have to go for the doctor for me if I eat it all."

Tressie turned toward her while the tears rolled over her cheeks, and asked, "What would you do if you never, never in all your life had enough to eat? What if you felt all gone and empty through the day, and woke up in the night and there was something gnawing, gnawing inside; but you mustn't even get up and eat the raw potatoes, because there wouldn't be anything for next day. What would you do?"

"Why, I cannot tell—I think I should die," replied Grace, surprised and shocked, as she saw more plainly than ever before how poor and white were Tressie's hands and face.

"Yes, but supposing you couldn't die? Then there's my mother, I couldn't leave her. What do you suppose I had for my dinner? One boiled potato! but you mustn't tell. I always liked you, and I'll eat your good things, seeing it's you. I never had an orange before. I don't feel as though I ought to take that."

"Yes, indeed," sobbed Grace, "you must eat it, and mine too. Why, I have them every day. I want you to go home with me to dinner to-morrow. Mamma would be so glad to have you."

"Oh, I mustn't!" said Tressie, looking frightened; "and please don't tell folks how we live, for mother would not have any one know, because, you see, father drinks. I wouldn't have the school children find it out for anything. I oughtn't to tell, but I feel as if I didn't weigh so much already, though I'm eating a lot. It makes me feel lighter to tell somebody. I'm so heavy in my heart sometimes, it seems as if I couldn't stand it. May I carry my orange to mother? She never has anything good to eat."

"Yes, indeed," said Grace; and she prepared her own, and compelled Tressie to eat it, then went with her to the cloak-room, and saw the precious fruit safely hidden in the pocket of a cloak which, Tressie said, had to be put in a safe place every night, or it might get sold for rum.

"You're awful good to me," said the grateful child, putting her thin hand on her schoolmate's shoulder. "It seems as if I'd got somebody besides God and mother to care for me. Sometimes I think folks that have good fathers who don't drink can't be thankful enough. Just see here!" and closing the door, she stood against it, pulled down her stockings, and showed a score or more of terrible burns, some healing, others running sores; "that is where father heats the poker, hot, oh, so hot! then holds it on till I want to die. Sometimes he has my little sister do it. She cries, and begs him not to make her, but he says he'll kill her if she don't. You see he hates me because I always take mother's part, and I guess he hates us all when he's been drinking. Oh, Gracie! why, why do the good folks let the bad folks sell rum! Mother says lots of folks who call themselves Christians vote for license, and thousands of innocent children and their mothers have to suffer. If the voters had hot pokers held on them for a while, I guess they'd want the mis'able whiskey put out of the way. I wonder how they'd like to have their wives or their nice good mothers dragged round by their hair as my mother is, or kicked downstairs. But they pretend to love the Lord, and yet believe it's right to sell liquor."

"Come out, quick!" said Grace.

She was not used to suffering, and Tressie's sad story and the sight of the burns made her feel sick. It seemed as though she could not breathe in the cloakroom, and it was not much better in the schoolroom. She knew her father voted for high license, because she had heard her aunt, who wore a white ribbon, begging him not to. Think of it! her dear papa voting for whiskey. The more she thought of it the worse it seemed, until, by the time school was dismissed, she was nearly beside herself with grief and shame. She only took time to whisper to Tressie, "Pray, Tressie, pray, and I'm sure something good will happen," then she ran all the way home, and finding her father and mother together, she delivered such a temperance lecture as they had not heard for many a day, describing Tressie's home as she had formed the picture by her schoolmate's accounts of it, giving her story of suffering almost word for word, and laying the whole blame upon the good men who voted for license. Then Grace threw herself into her mother's arms, and cried as though her heart would break.

If a cyclone had struck the house, Mr. Marshall would not have been more astonished. As his only daughter, who was usually so quiet and loving, stood before him with flaming cheeks, flashing eyes, and clenched hands, all his fine theories regarding high license seemed to vanish before her burning words.

The united efforts of father and mother were needed to quiet the delicate child, who had taken her first lesson in the world's great sorrow; nor could they soothe her until, when she cried wildly, "Will you do it again? Will my dear papa do it again?" he replied, "Never, never, my child. I will not vote for license as long as I live." Then she fell asleep and as her parents watched beside her and heard her moans, they looked at our nation's great curse in a different light from that given by a high-license standpoint.

Grace was not able to go to school the next day, but her father went in his carriage and brought Tressie and another little girl to eat dinner with her. He also made inquiries and found that little could be done for the Welden family, as Mr. Welden would sell everything, even food sent them, for liquor. The way for assistance was soon opened in an unexpected manner. One evening the bell rang violently, and Mr. Marshall, on opening the door, found Tressie, who had run all the way from her home and could only gasp, "He's killed my dear mother," when she seemed about to fall. Mr. Marshall caught her, and gave her to his wife, while he hailed a passing carriage and was soon at her home. Mrs. Welden was lying at the foot of a flight of stairs, insensible. He took her to a hospital, where it was found that she was nearly covered with bruises, and several bones were broken, but life was not gone. Taking two policemen, he returned to the house and took Tressie's three sisters, whom he found hidden in a closet, home with him, while the drunken father was soon under lock and key.

He was afterwards tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

When Mrs. Welden was well enough to work, Mr. Marshall took her to a comfortable cottage on a quiet street, where she found her four children dressed in new suits throughout and rejoicing that they were never to live with their father again unless he reformed. High license has no greater enemy than Mr. Marshall, and the rumsellers are afraid the town will soon vote no license.

The worst thing about Tressie's story is that it is true.

Will you not pray more and work harder that the great curse of strong drink may be driven from the land?—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A TAHITIAN CHIEF.

In the South Seas, in the beginning of the present century, was a man of the name of Hunt, who had gone to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of Tahiti. The missionaries had labored there for about fourteen or fifteen years, but had not, as yet, a single convert. Desolating wars were then spreading across the island of Tahiti and the neighboring islands. The most powerful idolatry, sensuality, ignorance and brutality, with everything else that was horrible, prevailed, and the word of God seemed to have made no impression upon those awfully degraded islanders. A translation of the Gospel according to John had just been completed, and Mr. Hunt, before it was printed, read from the manuscript translation the third chapter; and, as he read on, he reached the sixteenth verse, and in the Tahitian language, gave those poor idolaters this compact little Gospel: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

A chief stepped out from the rest (Pomare II.), and said: "Would you read that again, Mr. Hunt?" Mr. Hunt read it again. "Would you read that once more?" and he read it once more. "Ah!" said the man, "that may be true of you white folks, but it is not true of us down here in these islands. The gods have no such love as that for us." Mr. Hunt stopped in his reading, and he took that one word "whosoever," and by it showed that poor chief that God's gospel message meant him; that it could not mean one man or woman any more than another. Mr. Hunt was expounding this wonderful truth, when Pomare II. said, "Well then, if that is the case, your book shall be my book, and your God shall be my God, and your people shall be my people, and your heaven shall be my home. We, down on the island of Tahiti, never heard of any God that loved us and loved everybody in that way." And that first convert is now the leader of a host, numbering nearly a million, in the South Seas. This was the great text that Dr. Clough found so blessed among the Telugus. When the great famine came on, in 1877, and the missionaries were trying to distribute relief among the people, Dr. Clough, who was a civil engineer, took a contract to complete the Buckingham canal, and he got the famishing people to come in gangs of four or five thousand. Then, after the day's work was over, he told them the simple story of redemption. He had not yet learned the Telugu language sufficiently to make himself well understood in it, but he had done this: he had committed to memory John 3: 16, in the Telugu tongue. And when, in talking to his people, he got "stuck," he would fall back on John 3: 16. What a blessed thing to be able at least to repeat that! Then he would add other verses, day by day, to his little store of committed texts, until he had a sermon, about half an hour long, composed of a string of texts, like precious pearls. I have sometimes thought that I would rather have heard that than many modern sermons.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

A MISSIONARY SOCIAL.

The Inland Y. P. S. C. E. News thus describes a bright missionary social. "India was announced as a subject for study. Two captains were appointed, and each was requested to enlist ten or fifteen of the members of the society and direct them in the study of that country. They were to have about three weeks for preparation, and then a contest was to be held to see which side could answer the most questions and give the most valuable information regarding the geography of India, its people, their religion, and Baptist mission work there. On the appointed evening, after a short time spent in social intercourse, the meeting was called to order, and ten or fifteen minutes spent in devotional exercises. We then listened to a paper on 'The Telugus.' Then came the contest. The opposing parties were seated in a semi-circle, facing each other; in front were the missionary committee and the judges, while the audience seated themselves around so that they could see and hear. Two of the judges were selected by one captain, wo by the other, and those four nominated a fifth. They were to decide contested questions, and decide on the merit of the information given. One half-hour was given to the first part of the contest, answering the questions which had been prepared by the missionary committee. The first question went to one captain, the second to the other, and so alternately down the line. An incorrect answer or a pause of ten seconds passed the question to the opposite side, and so on, back and forth, until a correct answer was obtained. One question, "Who was the first Brahmin to break caste?" went all around unanswered. At the end of the half-hour the sides stood twenty to eighteen correct answers. The next fifteen minutes were spent in hearing, first from a member of one side, then from the other, items of information and points of interest not brought out in the questions. Speeches were limited to one minute, and most of them took less than half a minute. The decision of this part of the contest was left to the judges, and in this case it was awarded to the second side, so that each party carried off one of the honors of the evening. Evidences of careful and zealous preparation were shown during the entire evening, and we all felt at its close that we knew more of India and were more interested in her missions than ever before."

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